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Citizens, two insertions	25c
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to receive attention, communications must be accompanied by the true name and address of the writer. Selected manuscripts will not be returned, unless the necessary stamps are furnished to repay the postage thereon.

NOTE. We are not responsible for the views and opinions of our correspondents.

All communications should be addressed to "Editor Intelligence," and all checks, drafts, money orders, &c., should be made payable to the order of

HOYT & CO.

Anderson, S. C.

Twenty Thousand Dollars in Gold Found in a Cave.

There is a strange story, yet nevertheless a true one, that has been told for many years in the mountains of the South.

Tennessee, about 1794, as near as can be determined, three men by the name of Patterson, all brothers, visited the New Market Valley, with the intention of buying the rich and extensive lands

what is known as Panther Springs. They brought with them a large amount of money, supposed to be from \$20,000 to \$25,000 in Mexican coin. While looking over the place, the men were ordered to leave their money and other articles in the hands of the men who had been taken from their person by a hunter, and their bones burnt in a cave near what at that time was known as the "buffalo orange," which place was known as "Hollow," which place was the scene of the murder; whom it is supposed, fearing that the Pattersons would be missed from the neighborhood, fled to the western portion of Virginia. There he hid himself in his cave, but he gave away his trail by his hiding place, and the way bill by that his hiding place would be found. Some forty years ago, say the older citizens, two men came to the way bill, giving a description of the Pattersons, and made every effort to find the money, but to no purpose, and after several weeks of hard labor, gave up their search. Now for the sequel:

During the heavy snow of the past winter a man by the name of John Lambert, and a man from the vicinity of Panther Springs, were out hunting and tracked a coon to a small hole by the edge of a rock. Lambert stopped up the hole, and remarked that "he would get the gentleman yet, if he wasn't pretty good." He subsequently went back (for the money) and after a short time it is supposed after a short time, he

and found two rocks over the hole; he moved them and saw below them a vast cavern. He returned home and procured a bed cord, tied the same to a walnut tree, and descended into it for some 100 feet, and there found the treasure spread out upon a rock, with an old Mexican saddle and blanket spread over it. The blanket had decayed until nothing but the "filling" remained. He also found one saddle and some Mexican stirrups. Lambert made these presents to a friend of his, and showed him a pocket full of money. He was a day laborer and did not know what it was to have any sort of money. Your correspondent visited the section of country with the wonder cave

filled the cave, and witnessed with his own eyes nearly one-half of a human skeleton taken out, and all other signs made a hundred years ago. Lambert and his family have departed to some

unknown country with the money.—
These are facts, as can be proven by any
number of the best citizens of Panther
Springs.—*Morristown (Tenn.) Gazette.*

Don't.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one, the tailor the other.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in for the lizard and rat sometimes inhabit the grandest of structures.

Don't judge him by his speech, for the parrot and the tongue is but an instrument to make sound.

Don't judge him by his family connections, for Cain belonged to a very respectable family.

Don't judge him by his success in life, for that is much oftener the result of a combination of circumstances with which

he had nothing to do, than of his own merit.

Don't judge him by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge him by the show he makes of an average turkey-cock in a barn-yard; can strut all around him and not half try.

Don't judge him by the lack of display for a long-eared beast is the humblest of animals, but when aroused is terrible to behold.

Don't judge him by his activity in church affairs, for that is not unfrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives.

Don't take it for granted because he

Don't imagine the Creator—If under any obligation to you for the quarter you give to convert the heathen, that is only a small fraction you owe for turning your own ancestors away from their wooden gods.

Don't imagine heaven was especially created for the probability are you believe just as you were taught and you don't know whether they who taught you were right or not.

Don't carry your hymn book in your hand when you go to the house of worship and your ledger in your head. The Lord can see through your skull.

Don't, when in church, chew tobacco and spit over the floor. You would not do that in your own house you ought to respect even more.

Don't walk into the house of worship with your hat on. You bare your head when you enter a lady's parlor. Is your lady friend entitled to more respect than you, Creator?

Don't spend the time devoted to prayer to idly gazing about whistling or note writing; they are silly and rude in not sinful.

—JAMES H. HARRIS

Don't think when you have gone to church on Sunday that entitles you to do as you please the balance of the week. The upright man lives through the six as he does the seventh day.

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS.—The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corners, wastes in the course of a year 365 precious hours, which if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus wasted is

may run ten or twelve leading periodicals of the country. Ezyon says, "I don't think of these things. Thinking of money is a waste of much time and money you are wasting your life, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or the cigarette is not only temporary but positively harmful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourselves. You must acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that these habits thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that in one hour from this instant is gone forever, and that you will never again be a slave to these things."

The rumor seems well founded that number of prominent citizens of Baltimore have resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the late Dr. J. W. Paulding, of the Baltimore bar.

discoverer of that wonderful remedy, Dr. J. C. Ball's Cough Syrup.